

Another episode written by Mr Enter

[Scene: Timmy is driving Robert and Linda in the family car. He drives semi-wrecklessly, but compared to Sally he could be a professional]

Robert: If you drive like this, we're going to be late.

Timmy: I think the doctor can wait.

Robert: I... really don't think so. I've really got to get my eyes checked.

Timmy: Well, if you really think that this is that important, next time I can get Sally to drive you.

Linda: No, no! That won't be necessary! [She whispers in Robert's ear] If Sally was driving us, you would need more than a doctor. Besides I'm sure we'll make it there soon enough.

Timmy: Hey! Look, it's the park! [Turns the wheel] Come on guys, it's a bright, beautiful day, let's have some fun!

[Timmy jumps out of the car and dashes the park]

Robert: Ugh... I'm going to lose my sight by the time we get the doctor.

Linda: Let's not worry about it. Timmy wants to have some fun, so let's have some fun.

[Linda exits the vehicle]

Robert: The joys of youth...

[Scene: they're at the baseball field in the park. Linda is the catcher, Timmy has the bat, and Robert is throwing the ball]

Timmy: Come on old man, throw the ball!

Robert: I told you, I'm having trouble seeing!

Timmy: I'm right here! Throw the ball!

Robert: Alright, here goes nothing—

[Robert throws the ball. We get some slow down on the ball, and Timmy swings the bat in slow motion. He misses and the ball hits him in the face. He grasps his face in pain]

Linda: Timmy! Are you okay!

Robert: [Running in towards them] T-Timmy! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to!

[Timmy looks up at them, still covering his mouth. He runs back to the car, repeatedly shouting "oh no" or just "no"]

Robert: [Nervously] Do you think that I hurt him that badly?

Linda: [Nervously] I don't know, let's go see.

[We cut to the car. Timmy is sitting in the driver's seat, looking at his reflection in the rear-view mirror. He's missing his tooth. He looks down into his cupped hands and reveals a tooth. Timmy looks at it, devastated]

Timmy: [Distraught] I... lost it. My baby tooth. My last baby tooth—

[Timmy looks back to the mirror, as if trying to convince himself that what he's seeing is wrong. When he hears the door open he throws the tooth in the glove box and closes his mouth quickly]

Linda: [Concerned] Timmy, are you okay...?

Timmy: [Angrily] Yeah, I'm fine. Let's just go home.

Robert: But we've got a doctor's appointment.

Timmy: No buts! We're going home right now!

Robert: Alright! Alright! No need to yell.

Timmy: I can yell if I want to yell!

[We cut back to the house, the camera is holding on the door as Timmy angrily swings it open. The two adults look at each other nervously as Timmy storms into the house]

Sally: Hey Timmy! Want to play a game a game of Turbo Kart?

Timmy: Yeah, [he sits down next to her and picks up a controller] I need something to get my mind off of this.

[We cut to the screen sometime later]

Game: Player 1 is winner!

[Cut to Sally looking shocked and Timmy looking even angrier]

Sally: Wow, that's like five times in a row. You always beat me at this game!

[She turns to face Timmy with a cocky smile]

Sally: Maybe you're getting rusty there, bro.

[Sally's words echo as Timmy looks more and more afraid. He eventually panicks and runs upstairs, screaming]

Sally: Jeeze, it's just a game. What's his deal?

[Cut to see Robert reading on the couch]

Robert: I don't know, but he's been acting all jumpy since we left the park, and I... accidentally hit him with a baseball. Do you think that could be what's causing this?

Sally: We're talking about the kid who fell off of a bike so hard that his helmet cracked clean in half.

[We cut to Timmy in the bathroom. He's trying to place his tooth back in his mouth, looking at himself in the mirror]

Timmy: Come on! Come on! Go in! Ouch!

[Timmy spits the tooth out of his mouth. It lands on the ground and cracks apart. Timmy becomes even more distraught. He desperately tries to piece it together.]

Timmy: No! No! No!

[An older version of Timmy's voice comes from the background. This voice is malicious and cunning]

Older Timmy: Pity, isn't it?

Timmy: W-who said that?

Older Timmy: Look up, in the mirror.

[Timmy looks into the mirror and sees an adult version of himself]

Timmy: W-who are you!?

Older Timmy: And they said Sally was silly. I'm you, Timmy.

Timmy: You can't be me! You're, you're—

Older Timmy: Older? Well, it's only a matter of time.

Timmy: [Insecure] What are you talking about? I've got plenty of time left! It's only a baby tooth...

Older Timmy: Yes, your last one. And if I'm not mistaken, isn't your birthday coming up?

Timmy: [Defensively] Yeah, so?

Older Timmy: It's going to be your twelfth. Face it, your time is running out. You're growing up.

Timmy: [Tear-filled eyes] O-oh yeah? I'm still all kid! I can prove it!

Older Timmy: [evil smile] I'd like to see you try.

[We cut to Sally playing a video game by herself. It's shown to be much later, as the sun is now setting. Linda walks in]

Linda: Hey, have you seen Timmy? I'm kind of worried about him?

Sally: No, I haven't seen him in hours.

[We hear a loud engine blare from outside. Both Linda and Sally look towards it]

Sally: Unless that's him.

[We cut to outside, where Timmy is on a blue motorcyle and wearing sunglasses.]

Sally: Woah, nice motorbike Timmy!

[Sally starts admiring it]

Linda: Wait a minute. You've never ridden one of these things before. How did you get a two-wheeler? Don't you need a special license?

Timmy: Oh, I had some friends remove them.

Sally: Wow...

Linda: But you could get hurt!

Timmy: That's what makes life worth living. So, Sally want to go for a ride?

Sally: Do I?

[Sally gets on the motorcycle. Timmy revs up the engine and he drives off]

Sally: Where are we going?

Timmy: [Mostly to the camera] To live life.

[We cut to Linda knocking on Robert's door in concern. Robert opens the door]

Robert: Hey, what's going on?

Linda: It's Timmy. He bought a motorbike and has taken Sally for a ride!

Robert: A little weird, but they come with training wheels.

Linda: [Almost angry] He had them removed!

Robert: [Nervously] Well, maybe he's gotten better at riding it since...

Linda: Robbie, we've got to do something!

Robert: Maybe Steve can help us.

Linda: That boy who always slacks off at Timmy's store? What can he do?

Robert: He's the only kid I know with a car. It's either I call him or the police.

[We cut back to Timmy and Sally on the motorcycle. He's driving towards a draw bridge and right now it's going up].

Sally: Ugh, now we've got to stop.

Timmy: No we don't. Bet you I can clear the gap!

Sally: Wait, what?

Timmy: See, you don't think I can do it!

Sally: I don't care. It's too dangerous, Timmy!

Timmy: Where's your sense of fun and adventure?

Sally: Hiding behind my common sense! Hit the breaks!

Timmy: But if I do that we'll never make it across! Here we go!

[Sally ducks in fear as Timmy speeds up. Timmy runs for the the bridge, but turns around at the last possible second. Sally looks around her for a few seconds and looks to see Timmy to laughing]

Timmy: You should have seen the look on your face! You actually thought that I was gonna do it!

Sally: [Red-faced] You can't see my face!

Timmy: Mirrored sunglasses. Wow, I've never seen you so red before.

Sally: Timmy that wasn't funny! It was really mean! Maybe Linda was right. You should have kept the training wheels on.

Timmy: What do grown-ups know? I'm trying to have a little fun.

Sally: Well, you can do it without me. Take me home.

Timmy: Alright fine. Be a spoil sport.

[We hear police sirens in the background]

Sally: Timmy, what did you do!?

Timmy: I—I don't know. I think those guys told on me when I had the training wheels removed...

Sally: Well, then stop!

Timmy: I don't want to get in trouble.

Sally: You're not seriously thinking about—

[Timmy revs up the engine and we see the motorcycle going faster]

Sally: Timmy, do you really think you can get away with this? We're going to be in even more trouble now!

Police Officer: [Amplified through a megaphone] Pull the vehicle over now!

[Timmy turns around and sticks his tongue out at the cops]

Sally: Wow dude. Real mature.

[Sally is pelted in the back of the head with a foam ball]

Sally: Ouch! They're shooting nerd balls at us!

[Timmy turns around and gets hit in the head with a "nerd" ball, causing him to lose control of the vehicle. Sally desperately grabs for the hand break and manages to pull the vehicle to a stop before it rolls off of the road. The police car slows to a stop]

Police Officer: You guys really stink at running away. You're both under arrest.

Timmy: What for?

Police Officer: I had to shoot you down...

Timmy: No, from before. Why did you start chasing us!?

Police Officer: Like to play with the siren sometimes. [He edges closer to Timmy] Do you have a problem with that?

Timmy: Yeah I do!

[Sally pushes him to the side]

Sally: What my brother means to say is that you spooked him a little bit. He's sorry for what he did.

Police Officer: Hmmm.... alright then, but I'm going to have to write you each a ticket. Just fill it out and pay directly at the mayor's office.

Sally: Wait what? I thought I could send it in through the mail!

Police Officer: The mayor wanted to make sure that no one's payments got lost in the mail.

[He hands them their tickets]

Police Officer: Have a good day, and don't break the law.

[The police officer leaves the scene]

Sally: Great. I'm sure that Talula did this just on the off chance that I broke the law..

[Timmy is checking his motorcycle]

Timmy: Ah, good. The motorbike is still working.

Sally: You know, you're lucky he didn't ask to see your license. He wouldn't have just given us tickets.

Timmy: Whatever. Are you on?

[Timmy climbs back on the motorcycle]

Sally: No, I'm never getting on that thing again.

[She starts walking off]

Timmy: Then how will you get home!?

Sally: I'll walk.

Timmy: Wh—whatever.

[We cut to see Sally walking alone. This is a sad sequence that should take some amount of time. It's dark out right now. A cool autumn wind blows by a couple of leaves and Sally shivers.]

Sally: Oh, Timmy what's going on with you...

[We cut to Timmy riding on his motorbike through the nighttime.]

Timmy: I—I don't need her. If that's true... then why do I feel so sad about losing her?

[We have a musical number now. This is a slow one and the camera focuses on each of Timmy and Sally continuing their actions as their lines are sung]

Sally: Timmy, you are my brother. I got no other If you can't tell me, then who can you tell? I know you are short, and you kinda smell But you've got to tell me what's going on I can't bear to think that you might be gone

Timmy: Sally, I really wish that I could say, I just want to stay young forev'r and play You just wouldn't understand about me, What's going to happen to me I can't see

Sally: Timmy, just come right out here and tell me Try and tell me, just try to hear

my plea, Hurry cuz' there are clouds up in the sky, It's getting darker and I'm gonna cry

[Sally starts crying as thunder claps and rain starts falling down. Steve pulls up with Robert and Linda in his car]

Linda: Sally, what are you doing out here by yourself!?

Sally: I... I couldn't ride with Timmy anymore.

Robert: Where is he!?

Sally: I don't know.

Linda: Well, get in the car. You must be freezing out there. It's pouring.

[Sally climbs into the car, shivering and cold.]

Steve: Hey, wanna lollipop?

Sally: Sure... Timmy's been acting like... really weird. I have no idea what's going on with him.

Robert: We don't know either. Do you have any ideas?

Sally: He kept saying that he wanted to have more and more fun. I think that I know where he is. Steve, drive us to Lucky Cheeses.

Steve: Awesome! I'm five tickets away from a new yo-yo.

[Sally looks at him awkwardly]

Sally: Why did my brother even hire you?

[We cut to the family entering Lucky Cheeses, and Steve gleefully skipping over to the whack-a-duck games.]

Sally: Where do you think he is?

Timmy: And this next one is a little ditty that I'd like to dedicate to my best friend in the world! (hiccup)

[We cut to see Timmy up on the stage, seemingly drunk]

Timmy: This... dinosaur guy! Say hi Fossil Freddy!

Sally: What on earth?

Bartender: Oh he's been up there ever since he drank his thirty-seventh milkshake. Surprised he didn't explode by now. Then again, he hasn't been holding it in.

Sally: What do you mean by that?

Bartender: Those aren't the pants he came in here with.

[Sally walks up on stage]

Sally: Timmy, it's me Sally. It's time to go home.

Timmy: But I'm having fun here! I don't ever want to leave!

Sally: Timmy, you're making yourself look like a huge dummy.

Timmy: That's what being a kid's all about, you know!

Sally: N—no, it isn't.

Timmy: Eh, what do you know. One day you lose your last baby tooth, and the next thing you know you got five kids that tell you what to do.

[We cut to Robert and Linda watching in confusion]

Robert: What do you think he's talking about?

Linda: H—he's missing his last tooth. Robbie, he's talking about himself!

[We cut back to Sally on stage]

Sally: Is that what this is all about!?

Timmy: [Laughs] Why are you listening to her. [Does a mocking dance at Linda] She's just a grown-up. [Timmy starts crying] S-she doesn't know what it's like to—

Robert: To lose your authority. To be worried about what's going to happen to your business. Wondering about what school will be like.

[Robert sits on the stage]

Timmy: Y—yeah! How'd you know!?

Robert: Timmy. I went through this before. So did Linda. See, we're still okay. In fact, I think we got pretty lucky with you two. When you're not acting crazy like this.

[We see Sally smile about this]

Timmy: B-but I want to keep having fun!

Sally: Are you really having fun right now?

Timmy: N-no!

[He bursts out crying and hugging the dinosaur animatronic]

Sally: Timmy, come on. Let's go home. I'll make you whatever you want and I'll play another game of Turbo Kart with you, now that you got your head together.

Timmy: A-alright, that sounds great.

[They all climb off of the stage and walk past Linda]

Linda: But, isn't it getting late?

Timmy: Hey, we're kids. We can stay up all night if we want to!

[Sally gives him an awkward look]

Timmy: But it'll probably only keep us up an hour or two.

[They exit the restaurant and we see Steve. He's crying tears of joy]

Steve: Oh man guys, that was like, that was like just beautiful!

[We hear a car turning on outside.]

Steve: Wait a minute. Timmy got here on a motorcycle and the rest got here in my car.

[We hold on Steve as he slowly realizes that his car was just stolen]

Steve: Oh my god!

[He leaves the restaurant]